



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

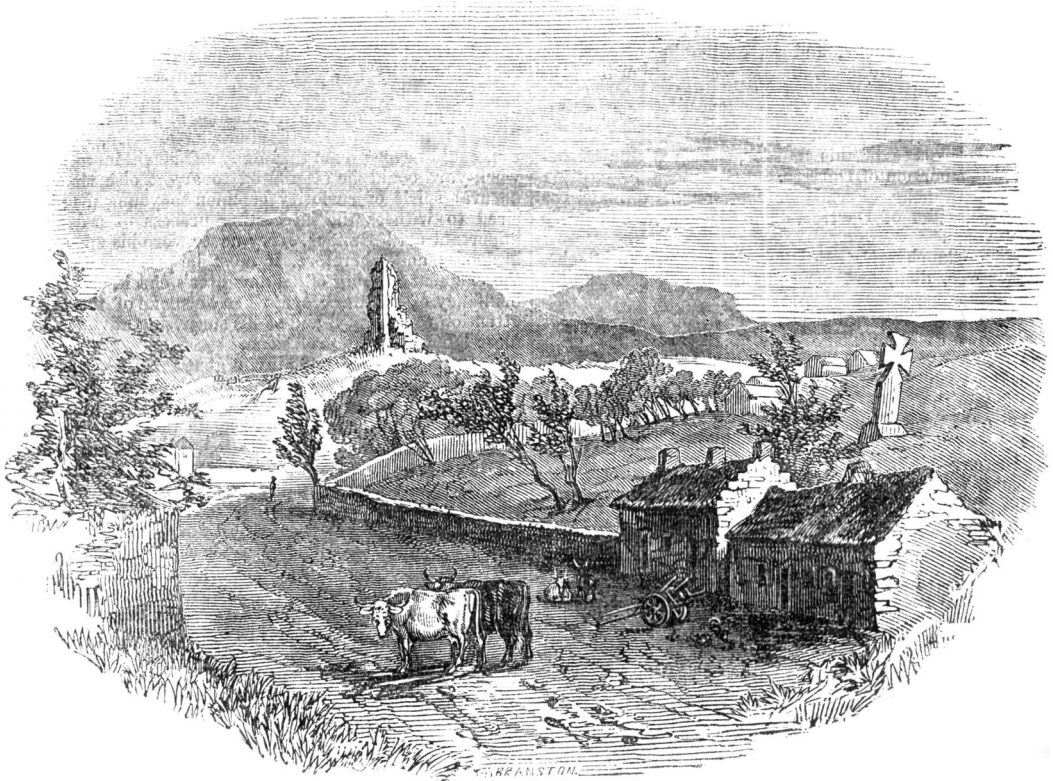
JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

NUMBER 31.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1841.

VOLUME I.



DUN-GARBRY CASTLE, COUNTY OF LEITRIM.

THE Castle of Dun-garbry, or properly Dun-cairbré, signifying the Dun or Fort of Cairbre, is situated on a hill, on the south side, and not far from the mouth, of the Drowis, or *Drobhaois*—a river very celebrated in Irish history—and the estuary of the beautiful Lough Melvin, in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, bordering on the county of Sligo. Though marked on the maps made in the reign of Elizabeth as an important fortress, its ruins are now but inconsiderable, and consist only of a side wall perforated by an arched doorway. But trivial as these vestiges are, they impart some historic interest to scenery of the most delightful character by which it is surrounded, and are valuable as a memorial of an ancient Irish family, once of great rank in the county, though now reduced to utter decay, at least in their original locality.

Dun-garbry Castle was erected by the chief of the Mac-Clanchys, or correctly *Mac-Fhlannchadha*, a sept or clan who possessed the ancient district called Dartree, the present barony of Rosslogher, and of which the Castle of Rosslogher, situated on an island in Lough Melvin, was their chief residence. The name of its founder and the date of its erection are not preserved; but the latter may with probability be referred to a period anterior to the reign of Henry VIII., as the Annals of the Four Masters record at the year 1538, that “Cahir (the son of Feradach, the son of William), the son of

Mac Clanchy, heir-apparent to the chieftainship of Dartree, died in that year in Dun-cairbre.”

It may be proper to state that there are in Ireland two perfectly distinct families of the name Mac Clanchy, or, as it is now more usually written, Clancey; first, the family of Thomond or Clare, some of whom were hereditary Brehons or judges to the O'Briens, and who were a branch of the Macnamaras; and, secondly, the family of Dartree, who were hereditary chiefs of that district from a very remote period.

The notices of the chiefs of this family, as preserved in the Irish Annals from the twelfth till the seventeenth century, will serve to convey a very vivid impression of the insecurity of life resulting from the unsettled state of society, and its retrogression towards absolute barbarism during this unhappy period of our history, and will teach us also to appreciate the blessings we derive from the progress which civilization has made within the last century.

- 1241. Donnell Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, died.
- 1274. Cathal Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, died.
- 1278. Gilcheest Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, *was slain*.
- 1301. William (the son of Cathal) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, *was slain*.
- 1303. Murtogh Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, *was slain*.
- 1337. Teige (the son of William) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, *was slain* by O'Conor.

1349. Hugh Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, and Gilchreest Mac Clanchy, *were slain*.

1366. Cathal (the son of Teige) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, *was slain*.

1418. Teige (the son of Cathal) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, *died in a monastery*.

1420. Cathal (the son of Teige) Mac Clanchy, chief of Dartree, and Hugh boy (or the yellow) Mac Clanchy, *were slain in their own house*, about the festival of St Bridget, by their own kinsmen Teige, Maurice, and Henry.

1421. Cathal O'Rourke and his sons made a nocturnal attack on Mac Clanchy on Iniskeen, an island of Lough Melvin, and the guards of the lake delivered up the boats of the lake to them. They took young Mac Clanchy prisoner, and possessed themselves of Lough Melvin and its castle. Five of the sons of Mac Clanchy, and a great number of the men of Dartree, were slain by them, and the remainder of the sons of Mac Clanchy went after that into Carbury.

1532. Turlogh, the son of Mac Clanchy, was slain by his own two brothers in the doorway of the mansion of Mac Clanchy. In revenge of this murder, Brien O'Rourke destroyed a great portion of Dartree.

1536. Mac Clanchy (Feradach, the son of William, the son of Teige), chief of Dartree, *died*. He was a charitable and humane man.

1578. Mac Clanchy (Cathal Duff, the son of Feradach), chief of Dartree, *died*, and his son Cathal Oge assumed his place.

1582. Mac Clanchy (Cathal Oge), chief of Dartree, *was slain by his own kinsman Teige Oge*.

It appears from an inquisition taken at the Abbey of Creevelea, on the 24th September 1603, that Cathal Oge Mac Clanchy died on the 3d of January 1582, seized of the castle and manor of Dun-carbry, and of the whole country called Mac Clanchy's country, leaving a son and heir, Cathal Duff, then aged twenty-eight years.

It appears, however, that in accordance with the Brehon law, the chieftainship of Dartree passed at his death not to his son, but to the eldest surviving representative of the name, as an inquisition taken at Rosslogher on the 3d of October in the same year, finds that the greater part of the country, including the Castle of Dun-carbry, and the castle and chief town of Rosslogher, &c, were in the possession of Malaghlín Mac Clanchy, who died so seized on the 13th of August 1603, leaving a son and heir, Cahir Mac Clanchy, three years and ten months old at the time of his father's death; and it is stated that all these castles, lands, &c, were held of the king by knights' service *in capite*, but the quantity of the service was not ascertained by the inquisitors. By the will of this Malaghlín Mac Clanchy he bequeathed to his son and heir, Cahir, all his lands except such as were nominated wife's jointure; and to his wife, Katherine Ny Rourke, who was found to have been his legitimate consort, he bequeathed his Castle of Dun-carbry, as also his chief town called Rosslogher, in pawn of her marriage goods, until his heir should redeem it.

The property of the Mac Clanchys was confiscated after the rebellion of 1641, but their name is the prevailing one in the barony of Dartree, or Rosslogher, to the present day. P.

THE GIG RACE,

OR A PULL FOR THE SILVER CUP.

In the prettily situated village of Ring, within the beautiful harbour of Cove, lived an old man named Jeremiah Sullivan, who was by profession a boat-builder, and who, being unrivalled in that art, justly regarded himself as one of the most important personages in the said village, if not in the county of Cork itself. It was indeed the conviction of Jerry that the man who, if any such man there were, could surpass him in the plan, the construction, or the finish of a race-gig, must be a wonder, and far above the general standard of human excellence. After his divine art, and the equally divine productions of that art, his daughter Sally Sullivan was next best loved by the enthusiastic and honest old man. Sally had the reputation of a snug little fortune and of an infinite deal of beauty, the latter founded, no doubt, on the possession of a pair of roguish black eyes, a blooming cheek, and a rosy pair of lips, that half disclosed two rows of the prettiest and whitest teeth in the world.

Jerry had one favourite apprentice, to whom he had already imparted some of the most important secrets in his profession,

and to whom, at some distant period, he intended to confide the entire, as a legacy richer than the hoarded treasures of a miser; nay, more valuable than even the philosopher's stone. William Collins (for such was his name) was a fine-looking young fellow, standing about five feet ten inches in height, and possessed of a light, active, muscular, and admirably proportioned figure; indeed, Sally was known to have told her female friend in the strictest confidence that William had the brightest pair of eyes, and the handsomest brown curls, that young man could well be vain of. William, on the other hand, could find no language sufficiently comprehensive to express his ideas of Sally's beauty; and as for her good qualities, her temper, her cheerfulness, her sweet-toned merry laugh—to describe them was quite an impossibility. The fact was, they were both young, both amiable, both warm-hearted, and very naturally both lovers! Yet poor old Jerry never dreamed what the real state of the case was. Wonderful as was his penetration, deep as was his knowledge, and great as was his skill in all matters appertaining to the building of a boat, in affairs of the heart he was blind and stupid as a mole. He, honest simpleton, could never dream that Sally's frequent intrusions into the work-yard could be attributed to aught else than that most natural spirit of curiosity common to young people who desired to witness the interesting process of a delightful and important art! Besides, Jerry never wore his spectacles within doors; and, therefore, it must be presumed he never saw the eloquent flushing of his daughter's cheek, or the additional brilliancy of her dark eye, when he spoke of the young man's attention to his duty, and of his surprising advancement in the nether labours of the profession.

Early in the month of May, a gentleman ordered a race-gig from Sullivan, and from time to time sent his man Duggin to see after the progress of the work. This Duggin was held to be the crack oarsman of the harbour, and consequently prided himself not a little on his reputation. He was a powerfully made though not a tall man, and his features were rather good than otherwise, but rendered displeasing from a peculiar expression of cunning about the eyes, and a perpetual sneer on his lip. Duggin had heard of Sally Sullivan's fame as a beauty; and being quite of a gallant temperament, he conceived the very natural design of rendering himself agreeable to the old boat-builder's daughter. The moulds were laid down, and soon the outline of the future race-gig began to be formed more distinctly, when Mr Curly Duggin one day entered the work-yard to pass his opinion on what had been already done, and to offer any suggestions as to the future, that his scientific judgment might deem necessary. On his entrance he found the peerless Sally seated on a chair, and apparently employed at some feminine labour—*apparently* so, for in reality her eyes were fixed on every movement of William Collins, who was busily engaged in the building of this future wonder of the race-gig class. Sally, observing the stranger enter, and not relishing the familiar stare of a pair of wicked-looking optics, nor the too evident admiration they expressed on their master's part, immediately left the yard, and retired to the neatly painted cottage of her father. As for Collins, looking up from his work at that very instant, he saw, with the quickness of jealousy, the manner of Duggin and the retreat of Sally; and from that hour he felt an unconquerable aversion to the bold looking oarsman.

"Come, now, I'm blessed," said Duggin, "that's a nate tidy craft, if I'm a judge in the laste! I say, Mister what's-your-name, is'n't that purty girl the ould fellow's daughter?" "Yes, she is," replied William, with a growl; "that young woman is Miss Sullivan." "Sartinly she is a beauty without paint! Has she a heap of fine strapping fellows, that's sweethearts, following of her—has she, my hearty?" "How the devil should I know! What have I to do with any one's business but my own?—and that gives me enough to mind." "Why, my fine fellow," said Duggin, rather annoyed at the reply, "I tell you what, that same aint over partiklar civil." "Is'n't it?—then if you don't like my civility, I can't help your liking; so that's all I care about the matter."

Duggin made no reply, but marching round and round the half-built boat, he made several slighting observations signifying his utter contempt for the plan, as well as its execution. "Why, blow it!" said he, "look at that. I tell you there's no living use for that infernally outlandish keel. You might as well turn a lighter, as such a tub as that, in the water!"

Poor William's feelings were almost too great for words, so indignant was he at this coarse and vulgar attack on the object of his zealous labours. He, however, merely said,